



# MONTEREY NEWS

JANUARY 1996  
VOLUME XXVI · Number 1



## THE TOWN

The Board of Selectmen held an open house at the Edith Wilson property on Sunday, December 3, and Saturday, December 9, for all town board and committee members. Notes were kept of the proceedings regarding various issues raised, including ideas for use of the property, questions and concerns. With the help of local designer Chris Blair, the Board has been reviewing the extent of repairs and upgrades required to convert the house for municipal use. The Select Board is preparing a needs assessment of the building, and has arranged for septic and building inspections to complete their study of the property. Also, Michèle Miller met with the Select Board to express interest in serving on a committee that would aid the Board in carrying out the needs assessment study. The Board welcomed her interest, and unanimously voted to appoint Miller as Needs Assessment Coordinator for the Edith Wilson Bequest.

Bonnie Marks of the Lake Buel Prudential Committee met with the Select Board to obtain signatures on a grant application being submitted to the Department of Environmental Management for participation in a weed harvesting program. Marks informed the Board that the Lake Buel District has \$10,000, and in order to get matching funds from the state program, it is necessary to get municipal endorsement. The Select Board voted unanimously to support the effort by signing the grant application.

The Select Board, the Planning Board, and members of a martial arts group interested in purchasing the Camp

Deerwood property made a site visit to that property on Saturday, December 2. The group, known as the Monterey Holding Company (MHC), intends to establish a year-round educational facility for martial arts, meditation, and yoga. MHC representatives George Deren and Thomas Brown, and local realtor Angus MacDonald showed the officials around the property and through the buildings, explaining proposed repairs and renovations. At a later Select Board meeting, the Board determined that MHC may occupy the premises by right for non-municipal educational use, as opposed to summer camp use, under the terms of Monterey zoning. Further, the Board determined that a group of six cottages on the property (the Wood cottages) that lie within the Lakeshore District have been used as housing since at least 1977 during non-summer periods, and that such use was lawful since it predated an amendment of the Monterey Zoning Bylaw passed May 3, 1986, which defined a summer camp as operating only between Memorial Day and Labor Day.

The Low-Level Radioactive Waste Management Board of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has alerted town officials of the need to respond to a draft document entitled *Draft Statewide Map-*

— *Cont'd under THE TOWN, p. 2*

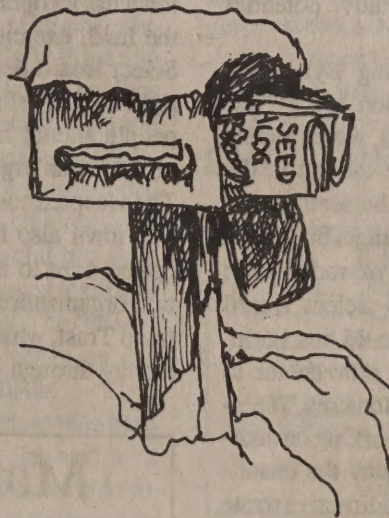
## HIGH GROUND FOR SALE

The prospect of new residential development of open space always generates lively debate in Monterey. As reported in last month's *News*, an offer has now been accepted from Stockbridge developer Tom Spencer to purchase a large tract of land in the northeast section of town. The sale is pending, however, while the town considers its right of first refusal under the terms of Chapter 61 of the Massachusetts General Laws.

The land is approximately 300 acres of woods currently owned by the estate of the late Gay Noe McLendon, high ground north of Lake Garfield. The tract is bounded by Mount Hunger Road on the

south and Tyringham Road to the west, and has a total of nearly six thousand feet of frontage on the two roads. It ranges in elevation from 1750 feet, comparable to Livermore Peak in Beartown Forest, to little more than 1400 feet along parts of the Tyringham Road. The soil is alluvial till, generally rocky, and in some places steep. It is a portion of a larger area identified as providing important habitat for wildlife in both the 1975 Natural Resource Inventory and Land Use Plan and the Open Space and Recreation Plan completed in 1988. Quoting from the 1975 plan: "The wetland areas in the northeast corner and along Rawson Brook

— *Cont'd under HIGH GROUND, p. 6*





ping and Screening Protocol and Procedures, which is the first stage in siting a low-level radioactive waste disposal facility in western Massachusetts. The notice explains that this document is intended to identify which areas of the state are environmentally unsuitable for such waste disposal, and will therefore be excluded from further consideration. The Low-Level Radioactive Waste Management Board states that "written comments on the draft are strongly encouraged, and must be received at the Management Board office by 5 p.m., Friday, March 15." The notice goes on to say that the "Statewide Mapping and Screening is a first pass, a broad-brush approach, and will eliminate only relatively large unsuitable areas" and that after the mapping project is completed, landowners and municipal officials will be able to "volunteer, for closer study, potential facility sites."

The Monterey Zoning Bylaw addresses the issue in Section VII, D, Radioactive Waste Disposal, which states: "No land within any use district in the Town of Monterey may be used for the collection, treatment, storage, burial, incineration, or disposal of radioactive waste..." According to Select Board members, this bylaw would not be legally binding should the state decide to site a disposal facility in Monterey. Therefore the Select Board is working on additional statements reiterating the unsuitability of Monterey for a radioactive waste disposal site.

— Maggie Leonard

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The *Monterey News* is published monthly under the auspices of Monterey United Church of Christ, Monterey, MA 01245.

## MPLT FOCUSES ON

### MT. HUNGER OPTION

On November 20 a Stockbridge developer, Tom Spencer, presented the Monterey Select Board with a proposal for building seventeen new houses on 300 acres of forested land at the junction of Mount Hunger and Tyringham Roads. There has been difficulty over the years conducting successful perc tests on this scenic but very rocky land, which is why it has remained undeveloped. But now, under new Title V regulations, a shared septic system could be allowed on two acres of land, servicing the seventeen proposed houses and generating approximately 7,000 gallons of sewage a day.

The land has been under a state forestry program, Chapter 61, whereby the town has an option of first refusal to buy the land, exercisable in 120 days. The Select Board decided not to waive this right of first refusal, feeling that townspeople should have the opportunity to preserve this large and central open space. The accepted purchase price is \$325,000. The town also has the right to turn its option over to an accredited conservation organization, such as the Monterey Land Trust, which might be able to raise money through private funding. This is

under consideration.

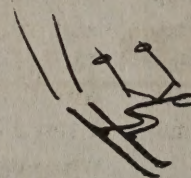
Meanwhile, the Land Trust has been asked to determine the interest of Monterey citizens in preserving this land, and to investigate raising the necessary money. Since members of the MPLT were notified of this situation by mail in

mid-December, pledges and checks have been returned from approximately half of the hundred-odd Land Trust members. The total raised to date is \$6,000. The Land Trust also plans to contact various state agencies, such

as the Departments of Environmental Management, and Fisheries and Wildlife.

This is a beautiful and critical part of our town, and in large part creates the rural character we often talk about, and often take for granted. When we lose this character we lose it forever. There is already strong interest in preserving this great natural resource, and many supporters, large and small, have promised to contribute time and money. The Land Trust needs all the help it can get from those who love these hills. Anyone who would like to join the Land Trust may do so; to join, send check for \$10 or more made out to MPLT, Box 504, Monterey, MA 01245. Many thanks to those who have already responded.

— Joyce Scheffey



## Monterey Winter Celebration of ice & snow

Saturday, Febuary 17th, noon to 5:00 pm

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Call Tom Rosenthal at 528-9380 for other information

## An All-Community Celebration



## SINGERS SOUGHT FOR STABAT MATER

Area singers are invited to join in a performance by the Berkshire Lyric Theater of Anton Dvorák's Stabat Mater on May 4 and 5, 1996. Rehearsals commence January 8. They are held every Monday evening, 7-9:30 at the Unitarian Universalist Church, 175 Wendell Street, Pittsfield. For further information, please call 243-2658.

## MONTEREY LIBRARY WINTER FILM SERIES

The Monterey Library will hold its annual family film series in January and February this winter on the following Saturday evenings: January 20 and 27, and February 3 and 10. Movies are in 16mm format and are suitable for all ages. They begin at 7:30 p.m. in the Monterey Library basement. Admission is free, and popcorn and apple juice are available at a nominal cost.

On January 20 the library will show *His Girl Friday* (1940), with Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell; on January 27 it will be *Brightly of the Grand Canyon* (1967), with Joseph Cotten; on February 3 the movie will be *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman* (1974), with Cicely Tyson; and on February 10 *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* (1967) will be shown, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Sidney Poitier.

For further information, please call the library at 528-3795.

## THE BIDWELL HOUSE

The Bidwell House extends wishes for a peaceful and prosperous new year to the people of Monterey.

Plans for an exciting 1996 season are in the works, and we hope you will all visit and enjoy the museum this year. The Bidwell House is a great resource for education and entertainment for the community. It's also a wonderful place to take your out-of-town guests for a glimpse of historic Berkshire living.

The Annual Holiday Open House for museum members and contributors held on December 3 was a great success. Over eighty people attended and joined in the holiday spirit.

Particular thanks goes to a number of volunteers whose work made the day very special. Thanks to Barbara Tryon, Gertrude Burke, Ann Hanchet-Boland, Tom Weldon, and Suzanne Higgins, who were host and hostesses; Sally Fijux and Gertrude Burke for providing cookies and cakes; and Ann Hanchet-Boland and Tom Weldon for helping with decorating.

The following day the museum had a special tour for twenty children from the Lenox pre-school. The children were intrigued to learn of Christmas traditions from the past. They thanked The Bidwell House by reciting a reindeer poem and adding to the tree decorations.

Finally, thanks to all those who have become new members or renewed their membership in our fall membership drive. If you have not joined the museum, won't you consider doing so? Membership dues are a crucial part of our operating budget. This money enables us to continue offering excellent programs throughout the season for adults and children.

We hope you will join us in supporting this unique Monterey museum.

— Anita Carroll-Weldon

## ADAMS' POETRY PUBLISHED

A volume of selected poems by Nancy Adams, titled *A Peacock Feather*, has been published in Connecticut. The book is illustrated by Brian Adams. Nancy Adams and her late husband, Jack Adams, have been summer residents of Monterey for many years.

These are short poems on a variety of subjects, full of careful observation and sometimes humor. Marie Borroff, Sterling Professor Emeritus of English at Yale University, says, "The poems of Nancy Adams bring together families and children, the present and the past, nature and the witnessing of nature, citizens and their fellow citizens in ways that poignantly remind us of our links to each other and the world. In their unpretentiousness of language and simplicity of feeling, I find an artfulness that deserves more than passing attention."

*A Peacock Feather*, illustrated, fifty-five pages, hard cover, is available for \$10 from Nancy Adams, P. O. Box 1013, Orange, CT 06477-7013.

**RICHARD SHERIDAN**

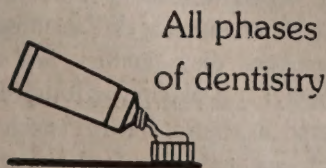
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## NOTICE

Monterey Town Hall will be closed on Monday, January 15, 1996, for the observance of Martin Luther King Day. There will be no meeting of the Select Board or the Board of Health that day. Next regularly scheduled meeting of these boards will be on Monday, January 22, 1996.

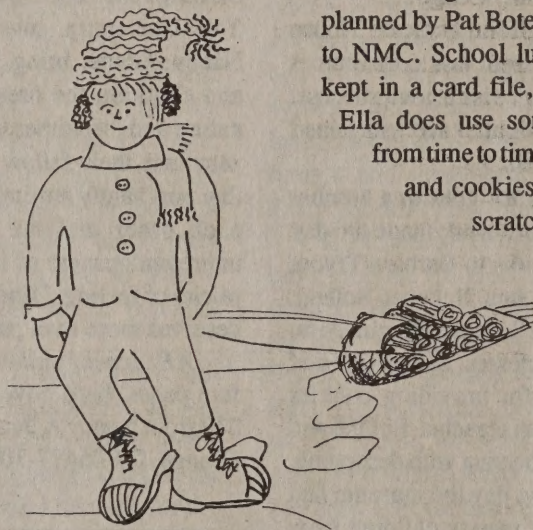
Stefan Grotz, Chair  
Georgiana O'Connell  
Peter S. Brown  
Monterey Select Board



## NEW MARLBOROUGH AND MONTEREY SCHOOL NEWS

This month I would like to introduce two of the support staff who are an integral part of our children's school day.

Maureen Bradley Haugh is a familiar face to Montereyans and children who attended NMC between 1979 and 1988. She worked from 1988 through 1991 at the Sheffield campus in various capacities. Now she is back at NMC, once again the answering voice on the other end of the phone line. Maureen is receptionist, clerk, and clearing house for all information regarding the day-to-day operation of our school. Maureen maintains attendance records and calls them in to Undermountain. She tallies the lunch count and reconciles lunch money (with help from Judy Ladd's "banker of the day"). Those notices sent home, if not directly from the classroom teacher, are Maureen's handiwork. She types all the report cards several times a year. She



administers the library (yes, there is one at NMC). Basically, Maureen handles details and thus frees up the teachers' time for teaching. The biggest difference between now and her earlier tenure at NMC: the addition of a school nurse. The best part of the job: seeing the children every day in what she describes as a "family atmosphere."

Mary Ella Eichstedt is now in her sixth year as cafeteria manager and cook. On an average day she prepares fifty-five lunches singlehandedly. Menus are planned by Pat Boteze and sent over to NMC. School lunch recipes are kept in a card file, although Mary Ella does use some of her own from time to time. Sauces, soups, and cookies are made from scratch. I'm told the

day cookies are baking the aroma fills the school, much to everyone's delight. The favorite lunch: pizza

(what else?). French toast is a close second. For those who don't like the day's entree there is a choice of PBJ or yogurt. The children really like having a choice. Mary Ella says that after six years she has a system that works smoothly. The only part of the job she really doesn't like is doing the dishes. We hear you! The best part is the kids and—she said it, too—the family atmosphere.

Thank you both for jobs well done.

— Deborah Mielke

## MT. EVERETT MUSIC NEWS

The holiday season is always busy in the music department at Mt. Everett Regional High School, and this year is no different. Several Mt. Everett music students recently auditioned for positions in the Western District band, orchestra and chorus.

The musical groups are divided into junior and senior divisions. Four musicians from Mt. Everett were accepted into the senior division groups: Laura Fleury passed the audition into the orchestra; Jason Macy and Shaylan Burkhart into the concert band; and Christine Morrow into the chorus. Laura Fleury has also been invited to audition for the Allstate Orchestra based on her high audition score. Students who passed the audition in the junior division include Caleb Parsons (concert band), Dylan Moulton (baritone chorus), Shanna Hamm, Jillian Pastori, Carrie Curtiss, Katherine Piernode, Shannon Frost, and Robin Hannum (chorus).

Participation in these groups provides a valuable addition to any student's college resume.

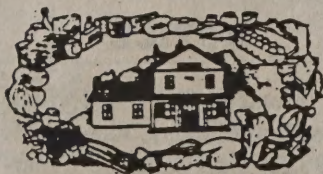
You will see and hear some of these fine musicians at the upcoming performance by the Mt. Everett Regional High School Band featuring Countdown, the Madrigal Singers, and the Jazz Band, at 7 p.m. on Sunday, January 21 in the Consolati Performing Arts Center.

## MONTEREY GRANGE

Monterey Grange No. 291 met December 6, when members worked on the Christmas cheer boxes. They were completed at the Lecturer's house and delivered to nursing homes, to Fairview Manor, and to folks in their homes. Members also decorated the meeting rooms for the annual Christmas party on December 20 for members, their families, and non-members. The program was followed by a covered dish buffet and a gift exchange of packages marked brother or sister, or with the name of someone's child. Happy Holidays!

— Fraternally;  
Mary Wallace, Lecturer

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## FIVE-A-SIDE SOCCER

The Southern Berkshire Youth Association and the Berkshire Hills Youth Soccer Program have joined forces to create the perfect opportunity for youngsters to get an informal introduction to soccer, as well as for serious players to keep their skills honed for spring.

Clinics will be held on Saturdays at Berkshire School in Sheffield, 9:30–11:00 a.m., starting January 6 and ending on February 10. They are open to boys and girls in grades one through eight. Cost is \$30, \$25 for SBYA members. For more information, or to register, please call the SBYA at 528-6080.

## ROADS NOT PLOWED OR SANDED

Donald Amstead, Highway Superintendent, and the Select Board have announced the roads or sections of roads that are not plowed or sanded from November 15, 1995, to April 1, 1996:

Brett Road  
Carrington-Battaille Road  
Chestnut Hill Road  
Fairview Road  
Gould Road  
Mt. Hunger Road  
Swann Road  
Wallace Hall Road  
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## SKATING RINK

### OFF TO GREAT START!

The rink opened on December 17 this year, our second earliest opening yet. We are expecting a great skating season, and have many events and programs to offer. See inset for regular schedule. Of special interest this year:

**Skating lessons** will be offered again on Monday nights at 6:30, starting January 8.

**Men's Hockey League** plays Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Call Jim Thomas if you are not on a team and would like to be. (Hockey experience is not a requirement.)

**Saturday Night Skating Party** with music and hot chocolate provided. Let's all get out there with the kids and have fun! We want to make this a Saturday night tradition. A sign announcing the skate will be put out in front of the

firehouse on the mornings that we know we'll have good ice on a Saturday night.

This is the seventh consecutive year for our annual hockey tournament, the **Monterey Cup**, held this winter on Saturday, January 27 from 9 a.m.

**Organized kids' hockey**, new this year, will take place on Saturdays, 9–10:30 a.m. Some adult hockey players will make themselves available on Saturday mornings to organize hockey games for whatever kids show up. Any age is welcome.

Remember, our rink is completely dependent upon weather. There is no skating when the ice gets soft or wet, usually at temperatures over thirty-five degrees.

Hope to see you on the ice. For further information, call 528-0542.

— Jim Thomas

## SKATING RINK SCHEDULE

- Public skating, weekdays all day until 3 p.m.
- Family and kids' hockey, every day. 3–5 p.m.
- Open pickup hockey (over age 18), Mon–Wed–Fri. at 7 p.m.
  - Kids' hockey, Saturdays 8 a.m.–12 noon.
  - Men's hockey, Sundays 9 a.m.–12 noon.
  - Public skating party, Saturdays, 7–9 p.m.
- Sunday nights, closed for ice-making from 5 p.m.
- All other times are public skating.

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## HIGH GROUND — *Cont'd from p. 1*

are part of the most extensive tracts of undeveloped private land in Monterey." The wetland referred to is not part of the McLendon property, which lies mostly northwest of Hunger Mountain, but the property adjoins that wetland and adds a great deal of acreage to this "extensive tract" of privately owned open land. Steadman Pond, on the west side of Tyingham Road and downhill of the McLendon property, was mentioned in the 1988 plan as a "confined aquifer recharge area [which] may be important...for ground water in the southern end of the Tyingham valley."

Tyingham Road and Mount Hunger Road were also identified in the 1988 plan as being two of five "areas with a high probability of development."

The Massachusetts statute known as Chapter 61 provides for classification of undeveloped real estate as forest land under active silvicultural management. Its purpose is to promote the growth of trees for harvesting forest products—sawlogs and firewood. The law requires an owner to file a ten-year management plan drawn up by a qualified forester and approved by the state. Trees are marked and harvested according to the plan. Once the plan is in effect, the land is taxed at

5% of its value under Chapter 59, the general property tax statute. Forest products sold under the plan are taxed at 8% of stumpage value. Should an owner decide to convert land in Chapter 61 to residential, commercial, or industrial use, it must be reclassified for tax purposes, and the difference between Chapter 61 taxes and taxes that would have been due under Chapter 59 must be paid, together with interest from the due dates, for the five-year period preceding conversion.

If land in Chapter 61 is to be sold for residential use, the town has a right of first refusal for 120 days; that is, the town may meet the agreed-upon selling price and purchase the property. If the use is to be converted without a sale, the town may exercise its option at "full and fair market value," in the language of the statute. Attorney Ken Shearn, representing the estate of Ms. McLendon, has told the Select Board that the estate will take the land out of Chapter 61 even if the sale to Spencer does not go through.

Massachusetts is the only state in the U. S. that offers municipalities this preservation option. The town may also assign its right of first refusal to a duly organized "nonprofit conservation organization"—such as the Monterey Preservation Land Trust. The law reads: "Such assignment shall be for the purpose of maintaining the major portion of the property subject to this assignment in use as forest land." The law calls for a public hearing (not yet scheduled), which must be convened before such assignment.

The Monterey land use plans referred to above are visionary documents based on a comprehensive inventory of resources. Town regulations, like zoning, and town boards and officials responsible for the local administration of certain Massachusetts statutes, like Title V (the health code) or the Subdivision Control Law, are political means for realizing the vision. State law and local regulations are, in theory, equally binding upon all. In practice, state laws may have varied consequences as they are applied to cases in different towns. Consider the outcome of Tom Spencer's proposal for a development in Stockbridge called Stone Hill. He won approval within the past year of a division of land in an

environmentally sensitive area above Stockbridge Bowl that included a private, dead-end road more than six times as long as the 500-foot maximum allowed under the Subdivision Control Law. The Stockbridge Planning Board waived the road length limitation in its 4/3 vote to approve the Spencer plan. The decision embodied an expressed opinion of the Planning Board that the approved road plan would be less environmentally detrimental than a double-ended alternative, as well as a conviction that the tax revenue and employment the development would bring represented the greater public good.

The economic argument that was persuasive in Stockbridge is a simple one: building houses creates jobs in and beyond the building trades and the services used to maintain homes, and increased real estate value raises tax revenues. But home owners also use town services. Mr. Spencer's own attorney, Philip Heller, noted that although the road was proposed as private, the town might be asked at some time in the future to take it over as a public way, incurring substantial maintenance costs. A study conducted by the Southern New England Forest Consortium, Inc., and another done by The Trust for Public Land concluded that municipal costs like roads and schools exceed tax revenues derived from residential development, while the cost/revenue balance for lands in conservation results in a net gain, as does commercial development. In the municipally expensive middle ground of residential development there are many variables. Second home owners may require fewer services than year-round residents, yet homes originally sold to seasonal or weekend residents may in another economic climate become sole permanent residences. A town's share of school operating costs increases with the number of resident students, but the town's share of school capital costs is a fixed percentage of the school capital budget; increased real estate valuation simply builds the tax revenues from which school capital costs are drawn. To know whether development increases a town's overall school costs, one has to answer the question, How many schoolchildren are housed in



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a development, and what is its valuation? This is impossible to answer before the fact. From yet another perspective, open space in a town may enhance real estate values. In short, the economic issues surrounding generic development are complex, fluid, and uncertain—but they worked in favor of Mr. Spencer's Stone Hill project.

The Stone Hill development was also proposed for land in Chapter 61, but the Stockbridge Selectmen had no funds to meet the sale price, and the Stockbridge Land Trust likewise declined the option. Abutters became opponents of Mr. Spencer's plan. They were seen by some to be motivated more by self-interest than a concern for long-range planning, and in any case their resources were insufficient to appeal the decision of the Planning Board in Superior Court. Their lawsuit and Spencer's countersuit were soon dropped, and Planning Board approval remains unchallenged.

To date no plans for development of the McLendon land in Monterey have been filed with any town board. The number of houses, the form of land division and ownership, the sewage disposal system—in short, *all* details—are as yet undetermined. Possibilities cover a wide range.

Under the Subdivision Control Law, division of one tract of land into several parcels separately owned may occur in two ways. By one method, lots are drawn so that each has a minimum of two acres and 200 feet of frontage on an existing town road. This is called a "Form A" (a division of land not requiring approval under the Subdivision Control Law). The Monterey Planning Board reviews Form A submissions in its regular meetings, and as long as each residential lot meets the minimum standards under zoning for acreage and frontage, acceptance is assured. Lots in a Form A division can be accessed via a common driveway built, owned, and maintained privately. In Monterey a town bylaw (as distinct from

a zoning bylaw) provides for curb cut permits. Criteria are straightforward and informal, having to do with sight lines, safety, drainage. The bylaw is overseen by the Select Board and administered by the town's road superintendent. Form A divisions of land and common driveway curb cuts do not require public hearings.

The second method of dividing a tract is called subdivision, and involves building a new road which becomes frontage for lots. The Subdivision Control Law specifies minimum width, maximum length, drainage, slope, etc. of subdivision roads. Local planning boards are required to convene a public hearing before ruling on a subdivision proposal. Subdivisions generally entail standards spelled out in greater detail, and more rigorous review than Form A divisions.

Years back some 150 perc tests were done on the McLendon land, and maybe ten of them passed, a radically low percentage. Perc tests have also been done recently, and although results could not be learned

in time for this article, it is certainly accurate to say that soil and topography are ill suited to subsurface waste water disposal. Nonetheless, some locations do meet the requirements of Title V for septic systems.

Title V has recently been revised, and now contains provisions for waste water disposal systems shared by a group of owners of individual lots. According to Larry Golonka of the Springfield office of the Massachusetts Department of Environmental Protection, this was done to provide a lower-cost alternative to tight tank sewage disposal on pre-existing lots where old systems have failed. The intent was not to open to new housing lands that do not perc; a lot that uses a shared system must itself pass a perc test. Also, shared systems are subject to inspection every three years, which is more frequent than individual systems, inspected only at the time of installation or of property transfer.

This new provision of Title V may have a bearing on development of the McLendon property, as Spencer mentioned the use of a shared system when he appeared before the Select Board in November. But at this stage the shared system, like all other details of the potential development, is no more than one of many possibilities. So far there is only one event: in consequence of a pending sale, the town has the opportunity to preserve a large tract of open land as forest by its right of first refusal under Chapter 61. As noted above, prior to assignment of that right, a public hearing must be held. That will be the appropriate forum for a lively discussion of our vision for the town generally, and this piece of land in particular. Small town democracy thrives on such discussions—or plunges into name-calling generalizations. That danger is increased in this situation because there will be no specific development plan to evaluate: at this stage it comes down to houses versus trees, a volatile dichotomy in today's political landscape. Good will and good information may help keep the lid on.

A person standing on Mount Everett looking east can pick out Monterey among the distant hills by looking for two houses visible from there, both located on Mount Hunger Road. Above and behind those two houses rises the wooded hilltop now owned by the McLendon estate. In more ways than one, what happens there will in part determine how we see ourselves, and our place in the Berkshires.

— Peter Murkett



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## CHILDREN'S HEALTH

A schedule of winter activities:

**January 8** Parent-infant social hour, 12 noon, Russell House. Delinda Anderson, director of First Steps, an early intervention program, will be a guest and discuss infant development. Refreshments. For more information, please call Loren.

**January 13** Trip to Blue Skies and Rainbows, a playsite on North Street, Pittsfield, 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. Special group rate, \$2 per child. Snow date January 20. Call Tony if a ride is needed or with questions.

**January 25** "How to Soothe a Crying Baby," including infant massage, led by Joy Milani-Lane, physical therapist, 6:30-8:30 p.m., New Bear Care Center Site. Sponsored by the South Berkshire Task Force for Families and Children and Family Support Network of Children's Health Program. Childcare available. For registration, please call Claudette.

**January 27** Yoga Stress Reduction for Fathers, Berkshire Mountain Yoga, 30 Elm Court, off Rossiter Street, Great Barrington, 2-3:30 p.m. Bring a pillow. Led by Tony Luttenberger, yoga therapist. Sponsored by Family Support Network. Please call Tony to register. Snow date, February 3.

**January 29** New Year's luncheon

for families whose children were born in 1995. Calvary Christian Church, Route 41. Childcare available. 12:30-1:30 p.m. RSVP to Loren.

We have the following books in our lending library: *Your Four Year Old*, by Louise Bates Ames and Frances Ilg; *Your One Year Old*, by Louise Bates Ames, Frances Ilg, and Carol Chase Haber; *A List of Winter Activities for Area Families*, by Don Latino (available free at Russell House).

Grandma's Attic, the clothing and toy exchange, will be open each Saturday, 10 a.m.-12 noon, and Thursdays, January 11 and 25, 6:30-8:30 p.m. Closed in bad weather. The exchange is located on the third floor of Construct, Inc., Main Street, Great Barrington. Volunteers are needed to help manage the exchange—call Loren. Volunteers earn a credit of five items each time they volunteer. We hope for enough that each person can help once a month.

Due to the need for more space, the Great Barrington Parent-Child Playgroup has relocated to St. Peter's Parish Center on East Street in Great Barrington. The group will meet each Thursday the public school is in session, 9:30-10:30 a.m. We wish to thank Camp Eisner employees for the use of their facilities and for their cooperation during the fall.

Many thanks to all who donated time,

gifts, food, and money to make the holidays brighter for area families!

Please note these winter safety tips:

- Do not leave a child in a running, locked car, even for a few minutes. Exhaust fumes are poisonous, and a small child could become very ill in a short time.

- Be sure children are well covered in below-freezing weather and not exposed to the elements for a very long time.

- Be sure to have a fence or some type of safe barrier between a wood stove and the rest of the room where children play.

One suggestion to help soothe a crying baby (from *Child*, December-January 1993): "Another person's arms—Sometimes a new mom can be so agitated by her baby's crying that her body language transmits her tension to the baby, increasing the child's crying. In such cases, a baby may be calmed and comforted simply by being handed to someone whose body is much more relaxed. Babies are remarkably sensitive to body language; they can read emotions through their sense of touch, says Dr. Morris."

Is anyone interested in a single parent support group? Please call Wileen at Women's Services, 528-2328, and let her know. Women's Services is an organization to help women who are under a lot of stress or in crisis.

— Claudette Callahan



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## THE POLITICIANS

*Our headline writer and our Department of Design and Appropriate Placement consulted over this submission, and agreed that it successfully illustrates the difference between poetry and politics without crossing over. — Ed.*

### Ring in the New Year

By State Representative Christopher J. Hodgkins

*As the First of January brings some thoughts of what the new year may hold,*

*The House is in session and there are many debates to be told.*

*But I stand steadfast in my plan to maintain Berkshire life,*

*Through means that protect us and our loved ones from strife.*

*To Newt and his buddies on the Committee on Ways to Be Mean;*

*I say don't rob our elders of health care and tax their budgets already so lean.*

*To the alarming crime rate I say put more officers out on the beat,*

*I promise to keep the funds flowing to stop random violence on our streets.*

*To clean up the rivers and protect our towns from hazardous waste dumps,*

*I have legislation in the hopper to accomplish both of these as my trump.*

*To keep our public school system working hard for our kids' edge,*

*I will work on my colleagues who, regarding education funding, may start to hedge.*

*To fight unemployment I'll work to spur job creation that brings good wages in tow,  
and with these new opportunities our local economy will continue to grow.*

*To the high cost of insuring a car, I'll work to bring the companies to their knees,  
And force them for the third straight year in a row to lower their insurance fees.*

*To crying over outrageous electricity bills, I am working toward a joyous end,  
That restructures the industry and gives consumers the choice of how much to spend.  
To inequitable telephone charges that don't mirror the services delivered in the city,  
I will press the Department of Utilities for mandated communications equity.*

*But what's topping my list of things to do next year is the same as in years past,  
That is to assist any constituent who calls me first or calls me last.*

*I have my district office in Lee and it's open every day,*

*So please pick up the phone and let me know if I can help you in any way.*

*I wish you and your family a happy and healthy new year!*

THE END



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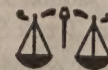
Shravan Neill

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## ON THE ROAD AGAIN

### Still On My Way to Alabama

As I leave Hershey, Pennsylvania, the morning is warm. It's going to get warmer and warmer. The school buses are white here. The fiery sun through my back window dyes all the houses pink. I like the hung-over barns, wood over stone. I see thousands and thousands of big trailers parked, with "K-C" on them. I love seeing America unfold before me. I live in a beautiful land! Valleys. I'm on "Molly Pritchett Highway."

I'm taking a different way to Alabama, by way of Louisville, Kentucky. I get off I-81 at Hagerstown, Maryland, heading west through Morgantown, Clarksburg, and Charleston, all in West Virginia. I see "High Germany Road." Through mountains all day long (poor little camper). My ears pop. A sign: "Maryland Wildlife. Watch out for it. Stay alert."

The town of "Firzel." Elevation is 2,600, Eastern Continental Divide. I see "Lower Germany Road," "Negro Mountain," now 2,880 feet. Trees look like ours did in Massachusetts a month ago. A sign: "Lost Creek." (I wonder who lost it.) Town of "Jane Lew"... "Stonewall Jackson Lake and Dam"... "Oil Creek"... town of "Big Chimney"... and "Mink Shoals Institute" just before Charleston.

I have been looking for a truck stop for the last three hours! After twelve hours in the saddle, I see "Hurricane, West Virginia, Truck Stop."

A truck stop is a world all in itself. A stop for thousands of truck drivers. They try to make it homey. In front is a giant Paul Bunyan, wagon wheels, bear, blue steer, old rusted wagon, and two covered wagons. A fire is burning in a barrel; it smells good on a "getting cold" night. Big thresher with teeth and a sign says, "Where Paul Bunyan used to slice his boiled eggs."

I can't sit at the drivers' counter. I sit down at a table. All tables have phones (on AT&T). I eat the buffet (all you can eat): beef rib-eye, chicken, fried or barbecued, roast beef with all the fixin's, a little bit of salad, a few fruits, two

puddings. Drivers walking by me, plates filled high, a lot of them fat, lack-of-exercise drivers. All ages. Over coffee and reading a book, I telephone my son. He's fine. I'm fine.

In the dining room is a model train that toot-toots all the way around a track way high on the wall. In the corners are stuffed wild animals, old yolks, jars, oil lamps, tools, washboards, saddles. You feel comfortable here.

A truck stop is open 'round the clock! At three in the morning you can take a shower, brush your teeth, buy postcards, sit down with them over hot tea, write them out, and deposit them in the mailbox around the corner. There's always people around. If you are wondering about which route to take, you have lots of "hardened drivers" to ask. If you need a present for a child, for your mother, or for your sweetheart, they have it! Tools, parts for your trucks, car, or camper—they have! Of course, they have gas, oil, and diesel, and a repair garage. It's the cat's meow!

After a noisy but comfortable night of sleep, the dogs, cat, and I head into Kentucky. THE BLUEGRASS STATE.

Through Ashland, scads of oil tanks—Havoline. Then I see orange-vested people picking up debris on the median. "Daniel Boone Forest"... "Salt Lick"... "Frenchburg."

Then I take off on a weird trip. I glance hastily, while going seventy mph, at the map. 62W. I want. I get off: a little winding road, big trees, horse farms with brown fences, locked gates, stone walls with jagged rocks across the top (KEEP OUT!). Then a medium-class housing project. Many schools (twenty-five mph limit). I thought, this road must be a crossover to a major highway. Now over a high narrow bridge (thank goodness, nobody coming the other way). A sign saying "Bourbon Sanctuary"—just what I need! At the end of the bridge is a distillery.

The road is getting narrower and

narrower. No cars. Infrequent houses. I pull to a stop. I look more closely at the map. Oh, no! I didn't see the Bluegrass Highway. That's what I wanted. I find a farmhouse with a car outside. An ancient woman gives me directions.

After two hours in the boondocks of Kentucky, I am again back in civilization. I-65 to Louisville. I see a sign for a 76 Truck Stop. I get off. Oh, no: I am wrong again. Next exit thirty miles! It is getting dark. My gas is almost on empty. This isn't my day! I pray as I go the thirty miles. We make it! There's only ONE

gas station. It's OPEN! Then back to I-65, pull into a Texaco to ask: lo and behold, it's a truck stop!

Next morning into Radcliff (south of Louisville) to park in the driveway of Homer and Mary Jane, people I met in Greece many years ago. We have a delightful visit all day and into the night. Next day down to Nashville. What a fun place that is! At the office in the campground

you can get tickets for the water taxi to downtown (Opryland), for the ballet, for the theatre. I want to stay longer, but Alabama is calling.

Down I-65 through Decatur, Birmingham (which you can skirt), and Montgomery, all in Alabama. Eight hours of hard driving, taking another hour and a half for gas and eating.

About 8:30 p.m. I arrive at my little compound: it looks so good! Hurricane Opal missed our land (second time I have been blessed this summer!). Sally, tenant who lives behind me, runs out. She has my house open and lighted. She says hello to the dogs and cat. We have a beer and walk around. My garden looks splendid: only the leaves on my lemon tree have been blown around by the wind. My guest barn is as good as ever, full of things (memorable things) I have lived with in the last thirty years.

Yes, it's good to be home (my southern home).

—Joan Woodard-Reed





## ONE OF THOSE GOULD FARM WOMEN

"During the Second World War almost everyone working at Gould Farm and running it was subtle, introverted, quiet. Rebecca Antman was none of those things; she came on like a force of nature," wrote Bill McKee in a brief memoir continued in the following paragraphs.

Rebecca died in late November of 1995. Few people currently at Gould Farm know or remember her, but those who do recognize in her death the loss of another of the formidable women whose presence was integral to the special nature of the Farm community.

Rebecca got interested in Gould Farm when she came up from New York City in the early 1940's to visit her husband, who was a Guest. Talking about it almost fifty years later, Rebecca said: "Gould Farm renewed my faith in humanity. I was so excited about it, the family atmosphere, the closeness, the caring for one another, the beauty surrounding it, its location so much apart."

In 1944 Rebecca moved to the Farm as the office secretary. She took dictation from Agnes Gould and Sidney McKee, handled telephone calls, and in most respects ran the office and rendered administrative assistance with inexhaustible energy and capability. But it wasn't so much in these formal roles that Rebecca made her mark. She had a mind of her own and was active in everything. She organized card games, anagrams, or the like,

explained and demonstrated the Hora and how wholeheartedly she danced it. Ask Roma, sometime when you visit the Farm, to tell the funny story of how Rebecca showed off her new driving skills at Lake Garfield. In the summer Rebecca took people swimming there or at Lake Buel. On weekends she sponsored outings to Music Mountain, Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, or the Berkshire Museum. The evening before, Rebecca would get

people to help her, boisterously, to make sandwiches for the next day's excursion.

In 1955 her husband got well enough so that he was able to take a teaching job in Queens, and much to the general consternation at Gould Farm, Rebecca went with him. But her connections to the Farm continued. She served many years as an Associate and for even longer as a friend, making her apartment a center for former Gould Farmers. She exemplified the Gould Farm ideal of serving as a natural part

of living—and she did it with considerably more energy than most.

Bill McKee, author of *Gould Farm: A Life of Sharing*, now lives in Maryland.



*Roadside Store late on a December afternoon.*

most evenings and with Roma Foreman beside her, led square dancing every Saturday night. Like many big, heavy people who look awkward, she was light on her feet, and her enthusiasm was contagious. How clearly she

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## MONTEREY CHURCH NEWS

One can almost hear the collective sigh of relief—another Christmas celebrated and another new year to anticipate. Somewhere in the middle of this bifurcated moment the Sages, Magi or Wise Men slip into view. (Focusing on them might just require trifocals!) We are in the habit of lumping them in with the angels, shepherds, Baby Jesus, lowing oxen and sleeping flocks. That would be a mistake. For they bring a wonderful gift other than gold, frankincense, and myrrh. It has to do with vision. And what better gift to receive at this time of Christmas remembered and new year anticipated! But it is not a gift without an element of challenge and risk. And when has life been worth living when it has not posed a challenge or a risk? T. S. Eliot best expressed it in this excerpt from "Journey of the Magi."

For, you see, if Christmas was other than fuzzy nostalgia and new year more than optimism lined with low-level anxiety, we would be seeing that our lives can

never be the same. That, with the Sages, we cannot go back to the same home (not house). That our lives are different because we have come face to face with unconditional love. And we must begin, again, to embody that love which we celebrated in the baby Jesus in our own life this coming year. What we celebrated

A cold coming we had of it,  
Just the worst time of the year  
For a journey, and such a long journey:  
The ways deep and the winter sharp,  
The very dead of winter.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,  
And I would do it again, but set down  
This set down  
This: were we led all that way for  
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,  
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,  
But had thought they were different; this Birth was  
Hard and bitter agony for us; like Death, our death.  
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,  
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,  
I should be glad of another death.

was both a birth, to be sure. And ours, too. But our birth can only happen when we have allowed the cataracts of our soul (hardness of heart, judgmentalism, selfish greed, fretful anxiety) to be removed by that love God revealed (epiphany) in Jesus.

— Keith Snow

## TALL PINE FARM CONSERVED

*This press release was sent to us from the Berkshire Natural Resources Council, Inc.*

Tall Pine Farm, a 140-acre tract of land in Monterey which includes some of Berkshire County's biggest and tallest white pines, will remain forever preserved through a conservation restriction, the gift of its owner Bob Thieriot, who said that the land will continue in its current use as a vegetable farm and forest preserve.

Two conservation organizations, the Berkshire Natural Resources Council and the Monterey Preservation Land Trust, will jointly hold and administer the conservation restriction.

Some of the white pine on the property measures larger than thirty inches in diameter, and stands over 120 feet tall.

"The sugar maples, hemlocks, and pine trees on this farm give you a sense of the forest primeval," said Tad Ames, director of the Resources Council. "We're delighted that Bob has been such a great steward of this forest, to the point where he has committed this land to protection forever."

The property lies on Wellman Road and includes nearly one mile of road frontage. In addition to outstanding forest, there is pasture, wetland, Konkapot River frontage, and a trail now open to the public called Tall Pine Trail, leading from Wellman Road down through a stand of "monarch" pines to the banks of the Konkapot, which twists slowly past the foot of the forested slope to the south.

Thieriot said he intends to map and survey Tall Pine Trail this winter or early spring in order to create a permanent public access.

"I get to walk down and sit under those trees or work around them anytime I want to, and I'm lucky enough to be able to share it," Thieriot said.

Under the terms of the conservation restriction, there will be no further development of the property. The farm will remain in Thieriot's ownership on the tax rolls in Monterey. Thieriot and the two land trusts are developing a program

### Monterey United Church of Christ

**Sunday Services • 10 a.m.**

(Child care available)

#### For assistance & information:

Keith Snow (Pastor)	528-5850
Bob Emmel (Clerk, Trustee)	528-1321
Tom O'Brien (Trustee)	269-7471
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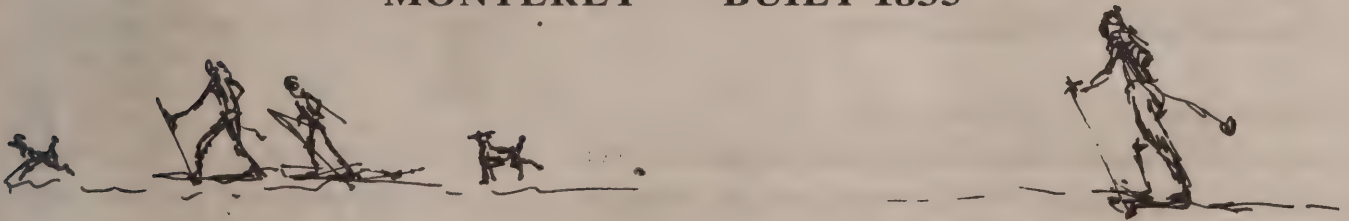
Nancy Kalodner, GRI Broker





MAGGIE LEONARD

## MONTEREY · BUILT 1835



of “gentle, non-intrusive forestry,” that will weave together conservation and ecological forest management.

The agreement has been approved by the Monterey Board of Selectmen, and forwarded to Secretary Trudy Coxé of the Executive Office of Environmental Affairs for final approval.

The Berkshire Natural Resources Council is a non-profit organization in Pittsfield with a program of land conservation and environmental advocacy throughout Berkshire County. It was founded in 1967. The Monterey Preservation Land Trust was founded in 1984 to help preserve land in Monterey.





## WELLNESS WISHING

*Missing it.*

*Most do with every breath*

*Forget the ones before.*

*Reverse osmosis...*

*Carelessness taking only a whisper*

*And no work,*

*Wishes and mountains needing giant steps in comfortable shoes*

*Today I am tired and old.*

*I choose a creamy stick of fire because blood is life and red is passion.*

*Staying mostly in the lines*

*Not wasting the energy to grab a tissue and blot*

*Swallowing a pain pill*

*Slumping in the driver's seat*

*I try to remember which stop is most important*

*But I've gone blank.*

*There was a list... somewhere...*

*Staring at the teller*

*Questioning my cynicism*

*While wondering if her mother ever told her*

*"Put a little lipstick on. It'll make you feel better."*

*Humanity sometimes reaches out to save itself.*

*Surely spirits or angels put the boy in front of me in the grocery store line,*

*Big brown eyes matching the chocolate creased lips saying, "Have some?"*

*In the next minute I am thanking God*

*For the black eyed susans along the highway*

*And the evening southern sky all purple.*

*(Wanting to believe in something)*

*Even candy bars and lipstick—weapons*

*Having lost their venom*

*Though antiqued and charming*

*To understanding.*

— Shannon Amidon

## EASY ON THE JUBILEE

*So glorious to be old*

*like a leaf turned brown*

*with torn edges, but still*

*turning on the wind.*

*Of course new green*

*leaves pulse and push.*

*Do not shove young one.*

*Perhaps the two of us,*

*in time's odyssey,*

*will play a scene together*

*for a few moments.*

— Nancy Adams

From *A Peacock Feather*, by Nancy Adams



## ENIGMA

*My first is in stars but not in night;*

*My next not in cold. It is in snow.*

*My third is in shadow, not in light;*

*And my last is in wind also in blow.*

*What am I?*

The letters that spell the answer  
may be found elsewhere in this issue.



## WAKING IN VENICE

*It rains*

*dimpling the pewtered waves*

*speckling the windows open*

*behind our bedroom shutters'*

*I watch wide with cool skin*

*and all the roofs are different*

*runneling lead greys, mottled greys with green borders*

*of sighs along the gridded waters*

*and a veil of gold floats high over the city*

*resting on and lifting the wet light*

*until the early bells begin their Sunday thunder*

*and I turn back to the good fragrance of warmth in our bed*

*we lie still*

*letting the holy rounds roll*

*over and under our souls' breathing*

*drops of gold now flicker and fleck*

*through the window*

*so close do we lie*

*I can feel your joy ringing in me*

*and the tolling of grief*

*like that sadness of statues*

*rocks away grey*

*and the veil of gold floats high over the city*

*and falls apart softly into thousands of flittered*

*tessellations of colors*

*to set into the mosaic of our last day.*

— A. O Howell

*speaking of before*

*over*

*a plastic tablecloth*

*with tears in the corners*

*of our minds*

*of loves and other*

*dinners.*

*of self and other*

*loves.*

*curiosity in speaking*

*i'll be quiet for a while*

— M. Miller

## WINTERCOLOR

*A number of humble plants stay green*

*Under the snow, unknown, unseen,*

*Their feet toward the core of molten flame*

*Brought from the sun when our planet came'*

*Into her circuit, sky's prankquean.*

*One of these plants, wild strawberry, glows*

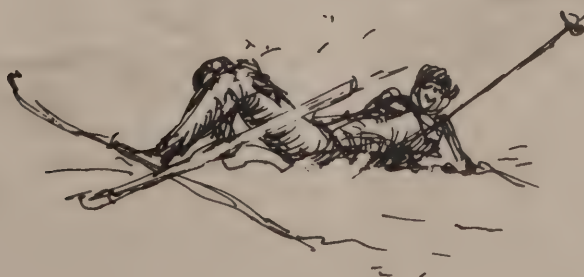
*Close to earth as she undergoes*

*Changes from green to yellow to red,*

*Her fallow and rutilant fingers spread,*

*Warmed by the fires, far below.*

— David P. McAllester





## LIFE AND DEATH

*One day  
out of nowhere  
a burst of energy  
brought me out  
from that dark space  
As small as I was  
I was famous  
inside my family  
growing, growing  
when to stop  
a question of life  
that no one knows*

*age of three  
venturing, venturing  
out to in the world,  
climbing trees,  
take my hikes  
learning to write,  
and to draw,  
riding tricycles  
with my friends,  
growing, growing  
when to stop  
a question of life  
nobody knows.*

*age of 13,  
way into school,  
writing, drawing,  
better than ever,  
years fly by,  
like airplanes at their  
highest speed.  
3 hours of homework a night  
playing football,  
soccer  
yet still playing  
in the woods,  
climbing trees and  
hiking.  
Growing, growing  
when to stop,  
a question of life  
nobody knows*

*age of 35  
way out of school  
still playing in the woods,  
with kids of my own.  
I now have a job  
a jazz artist I am,  
more responsibilities  
more choices,  
less of an  
occasion on my birthday,  
growing, growing  
when to stop, a question of life  
nobody knows.*

*Age of 86,  
the oldest age  
I'll get, I watch  
my grand children  
run in the woods,  
climbing trees  
hiking  
for the last time ever  
I watch then fade away  
for now I am dead  
growing, growing  
now I'll stop  
a question of life for me  
is answered.*

— Stefan Amidon





## TROUBLES ON THE LINE

I just got in from walking the fence line. It was cold, quiet work. I kept thinking of my former life, brief but romantic, when I was a horse wrangler in Wyoming. Out there I rode the line. I had horse and dog for company then, well-comed partners under that big sky.

The line in Wyoming was sometimes a buck fence, sometimes wire. I took heavy fencing pliers and big nails with me, also a serious hammer and a pry-bar. Here, with no horse to carry all that steel, I usually head out to check the fence with a small pair of wire cutters and about six feet of light wire, plus the hope that there will be no problems that I can't yank or unwind or twist together. Also, it's not such a long walk back to the barn for more tools.

Our fence is what I would call minimal electric. We put it up years ago to be temporary, until we'd figured out the exact boundaries of our pasture. Then we thought we'd put up permanent fencing, maybe even buck and rail, to remind us of that big country where we used to live. Twenty years have gone by and there's no permanent fencing in sight. It's some consolation that any wooden Wyoming-style piece of nostalgia we might have engineered back then would have subsided totally into the topsoil by now. Even in Wyoming, wooden fences don't last twenty years.

Electric fence technology has come a long way since we first put ours up, but we have not come with it. We could have high tension, heavy wire, orange ribbons, solar panels. I don't even know what splendid gear is available. I just keep walking my same line with my same wire and same understanding. Once in a while something happens to shake me, pushing me to lift my gaze a little in search of new developments, improvements.

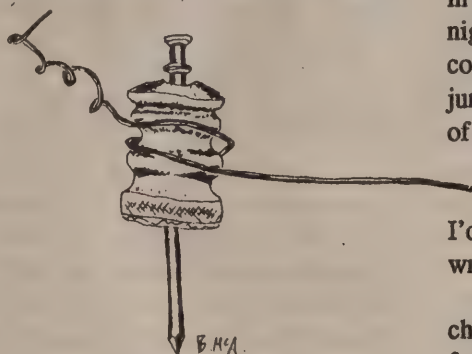
Most recently the push came from a German visitor we used to work with twenty years ago. He came here and spent a few hours helping me replace some rusty wire in the nice summer weather of August. We should have worked amicably, talking of old times, back before my fence was strung. Instead

I found myself huffily defending my outmoded fence system. This is especially hard to do when you have been secretly suspecting it's time you peeked into the catalogues to see if there isn't something a little more maintenance-free than what you've got, and yet cheap.

"We have much better insulators in Germany," he says. "Also, our wire is better."

"How fascinating," I reply with a frosty smile. "Fortunately for us, this system we have works just fine."

The truth is there are plenty of times it doesn't work at all. Electricity is a fickle substance, unlike bucks and rails, or stone, or barb wire. Those fences you



can ride by at a trot; you could even sit your horse and scan the line with binoculars, especially if it goes down a steep bank or across a river and you'd just as soon not follow it too closely. Those Wyoming fences were what I'd call "up front." When they're down, they're down and you can see it plainly.

With an electric fence, it can look healthy on the outside but be dead as a doornail inside. At this point it is important to mention what the purpose of the fence is. Are we keeping sheep in? Coyotes out? Are we protecting corn from raccoons or fencing in a couple of milk goats, or cows, or buffalo?

Our purpose here is to keep in three horses and two goats. If it were just the horses, the fence could be dead inside and it would still work fine. Horses see an upright electric fence-wire and assume it's healthy. (Reminds me of a movie I saw thirty years ago called *El Cid*, where they propped Charlton Heston in the saddle and sent him out to lead the troops. It worked fine even though he'd been dead awhile. Horses are like those soldiers: they believe what they see.)

Goats are another matter. They assume all fencing is dead or potentially so, and they consider themselves to be the creatures appointed to give it the coup de grace, if necessary. It takes a hot and lively fence to keep the goats in the pasture, which is to say out of the orchard and garden.

What causes the invisible death of an electric fence is the draining away or the non-delivery of electricity. Maybe you left the fencer unplugged, or maybe the ground wire is no good. Maybe there's one cracked old porcelain insulator or a branch has fallen on the line. Maybe the fence got hit by lightning and blew a fuse in the fencer. (When I wake up in the night to lightning, I know the next crack could blow the fence fuses. It could even jump across the fuses and fry the insides of my fencer, which costs \$60 to replace.

I could run out in the rain and disconnect it, and sometimes I do, but I'd hate to be holding the wire at just the wrong moment.)

These are all things a person can check. There are other problems to look for, such as a place where a deer ran through the wire and popped it right off the insulator and onto the ground, or maybe just popped one wrap of wire off the insulator and tightened it around the nailhead, grounding it to the tree. You wouldn't spot that at a trot on horseback. There are some things you can't spot by daylight. The fuses are good, there are no nail-wraps or branches on the line. The wire is new and all the connections look strong and clean. Then you have to wait until dark and go around looking for a blue spark, listening for the rhythmic popping of a little short across a bad insulator which you mark with a ribbon and come back and replace the next day, hoping the goats are not in the broccoli by this time. You have to get up early.

What I like about walking the line is being out with the livestock and the hairy woodpecker that's working over the dead poplars the goats have girdled. I also like it that troubles on the line are always, so far, ones I can fix, and usually with my bare hands. I'm looking forward to another twenty years of troubles like this.

— Bonner J. McAllester



## WILDLIFE SURVEY

### Early Winter

Like the transformations of the other seasons, the blanket of white that marks our winter makes everything so miraculously different it never ceases to amaze. And of course it marks great changes in the lives of all creatures, from algae to zoophytes. This is the safest time of year for the voles and mice, as they elaborate their tunnels under the snow. The deer "yard up" in the thick woods in a restricted area criss-crossed with narrow trails through the deep snow. There they can browse and have escape routes while their predators flounder. Coyotes increasingly learn to hunt in packs, like their wolf cousins, during the hungry months. And the hibernators, from bears to chipmunks, doze away the winter with brief sorties into the waking world on warm days.

### From the Roads

In this unusual early snow not many of us get into the woods. From the roads we have to take it on faith that the wildlife is still there most of the time. Even the turkey, our most imposing bird, seems to have gone into deep woods and thickets, judging by the occasional glimpses we get. On the way to Northampton December 13, David and Bonner McAllester saw a procession of turkeys cross the road. First one and then the next would appear on the bank, hesitate, then

fly powerfully across while we stopped, sat, and watched.

Driving out of Simon's Rock College on Sunday, December 11, Mary Brock of Sandisfield saw a Cooper's or sharp-shinned hawk strike a smaller bird in mid-air and carry it off.

The woods on the hillsides are bicolored now: the dark of the evergreens and the grey of the deciduous trees. The only broad leaves on the twigs these days are a few tenacious beech leaves, pale tan, quivering in the wind. Here and there a clump of red osiers makes a splash of color, and the twigs of the panicked dogwood add a soft peach shade to the prevailing gray.

### At the Birdfeeder

The Baker-McAllesters have had a rare visitor at their feeder. On December 11 and 12 a northern shrike made its appearance, and the smaller birds became very alert and quiet. The shrike investigated a nearby brush pile and then gave serious pursuit to a chickadee, in vain.

Several people have mentioned wild turkeys as fairly regular attenders at their feeders.

### Wintergreen

There are greens besides those of the coniferous trees, hidden away under the snow, or where there is water warm enough to keep moving while everything else is frozen. There are green mosses all

winter in brookbeds, and Christmas ferns poke their leaves out of the snow on south-facing slopes. Where springs emerge from underground, whole little ecosystems of algae, duckweed, and watercress flaunt their chlorophyll.

### Eastern Coyotes

Dale Duryea says that some of our eastern coyotes are big enough and even have similar-enough markings to puzzle experts as to whether or not they're wolves. Some localities in the Northeast have even coined the term: "brush wolf." Add to that the pack behavior mentioned above, and we may be seeing some evidence of new developments, perhaps helped along by occasional cross-breeding.

### Cougars

This name, derived from the Tupi language in South America, is also applied to the mountain lion or panther. Various sightings have been reported over the last several years. The Wildlife and Fisheries people are very cautious about confirming cougars in this region, but the evidence continues to accrue. A deer was brought into the checking station in Alford with impressive scratches down its neck and sides. Dale says that no barbed wire fence left the marks, and that he saw clear tracks in soft mud in Alford of a cat foot as broad as a human hand. Official confirmation of cougars in Vermont was given last year after several years of such clues. Our bears and moose have returned to Massachusetts, via Vermont and New York State, so we can expect more news of this rare cat as well.

— David P. McAllester



### BERKSHIRE AUTUMN

A full size, full color litho-print of MONTEREY village caught in the glow of a sunlit October day. From an original acrylic painting by FRANK D'AMATO.

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## THE OBSERVER - NOVEMBER

At 34°, the average temperature for November this past year was 6° and 7° colder than in 1994 and 1993, respectively, and three-plus degrees below the norm. We got lots more snow, too: more than three times the 1994 amount, and more than twenty-two times the snowfall of November, 1993. Total precipitation exceeded the norm by 1.44". After a dry summer, the water table must be recovering nicely. November's weather set the stage for the beginning of a classic New England winter, which seems to be underway as we write in late December.

High temp. (11/3) .....	59°
Low temp. (11/25) .....	13°
Wind-chilled low temp. (11/9) .....	-8°
Avg. high temp. ....	39°
Avg. low temp. ....	29°
Avg. temp. ....	34°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.) .....	37.3°
Precip. occ. ....	9 days
Total precip. (4.47" rain, 13.5" snow) ..	5.19"
Monthly norm. (Pitts.) .....	3.75"
High bar. press. (11/1) .....	30.30"
Low bar. press. (11/12) .....	29.15"
High humidity (11/8) .....	90%
Low humidity (11/14) .....	59%
Avg. wind speed .....	3.25 mph
High wind gust (11/12) .....	37 mph

## MUSINGS ON AQUARIUS: ANTICIPATING REVELATION

Life's a little like driving a car: we all have to negotiate around our blind spots. And, like all other astrologers, I



P. MURKETT

have places on the twelve signs of the zodiac where I crane my neck and squint to see what the astrological driving conditions really are, just to make sure I'm not backing into the express lane on the turnpike. For me, that's the sign of Aquarius.

January, 1996, has a tremendous amount of activity focused in my blind spot, and that's kind of exciting. By the end of the month, I'll have a keener sense of Aquarius than I've ever had before.

Here's some of what I know about the sign already: Aquarius is most compatible with the energies of the planet Uranus, the only planet in the solar sys-

tem that rolls on its axis instead of spinning like the earth.

That same flare for, even identification with, freedom of expression is a hallmark of Aquarius among the other signs of the zodiac. The drive toward individualization is strong in our country, whose moon is in this sign.

Aquarius is sure of itself, assertive, vital in the present moment. It's jazz, not classical music; fractals rather than Euclidean geometry; free, not metered, verse. It's the Shaman, not the Pope; direct revelation, not dogma; the astrologer, not the CPA; the aurora borealis rather than sunlight or even a full moon.

So what is all the activity in my blind spot this month? In an unusually dense clustering, a majority of the astrological "planets"—Venus (representing emotions), Mercury (logical thinking), Mars (action), Uranus (the wild card), the Sun (sense of self), and the Moon (personality, mother, nurturing)—all spending various amounts of time in Aquarius during January. Expect life to express itself with a vivid, unusual, even outrageous flare. I'm going to browse through my driver's manual by the shimmer of the Northern Lights, anticipating revelation.

— MaryKate Jordan

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*An original pencil drawing of the house on Beartown Road where Hannah Climena Pixley (whose married name was Ariail) lived with her oldest daughter, Mary Elizabeth. Hannah Climena bought the house in 1904, and Mary Elizabeth sold it in 1953, the year of her mother's death at age 91. The artist is unknown to us; the drawing hung in the parlor of the house, and was reproduced here by courtesy of Mrs. Charlene Abderhalden of Lee, a granddaughter of Hannah Climena. Perhaps the trees, which look like giant maples, were felled in winter, when deep snow prevented cutting at ground level, and also provided good conditions for hauling logs mud-free. Or maybe they were just easier to get down one branching stem at a time, and the butts, which would have been very difficult to split by hand for firewood, were simply left behind.*

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HANNAH CLIMENA PIXLEY CONTINUED

*In the composition book where the story was set down, the section presented here immediately follows what appeared in the December News. Commentary and related materials will take the reader way ahead chronologically, to mother and daughter Pixley's life at the house in Beartown. Hannah Climena's strong, independent spirit was nourished by her agricultural self-sufficiency. She always raised her own food and medicinal herbs. It was a way of life she began to learn growing up with her grandparents, Elijah Pixley and Climena Brewer Pixley.*

### Household Life

Now I will tell you more of the home and old people I lived with. Grandmother and Grandfather, for I can never remember of seeing my Mother, as they called her to me, until the day she married her second husband, who proved to be a brute, a fiend in human form, if there ever was one. I will tell you all about them later. Now I will tell about Grandfather and Grandmother. She spun the wool from Grandfather's sheep to make the stockings, mittens and flannel for

clothing. The flannel she wove into cloth on a hand loom for sheets. It was fine and white, but for Grandfather's shirts and our skirts and dresses, it was wove in pretty checks, while for Grandfather's coats and pants it was wove coarser and white, then colored plain brown or black. Then it was sent to the foiling machine to have it shrunk up to make it thicker cloth for the men. Then Grandfather raised flax for Grandmother to make linen. It grew very much like very coarse straw. This he had to cut and take to some swamp or wet land to spread on the

ground to lay until the next spring to rot the straw, so the inside fiber could be got out of the inside of the straw to make linen cloth of. But first, it had to hetcheld in to what was called tow before it could ever be spun on a little wheel. Now I will tell what a hetcheld is. It is just a block of wood about one and three fourths foot long by ten inches wide. On one end of this block the flax had to be drawn back and forth through them sharp spikes by hand until all the straw came off the inside fiber that was in the straw could be got out to make linen of. For then the tow



was spun on a little wheel in to the finest of thread to be wove in a hand loom in to fine linen cloth for summer garments and sheets, pillow cases and many uses.

Grandfather was a shoemaker by trade, but in the meantime worked on his farm where he raised his rye, oats, barley, corn and wheat, also beans and flax. Also a very large kind of potatoes that he fed mostly to his cattle for he always said that potatoes was never worth more than twelve and one half cents a bushel. He raised all his pork, beef and mutton on his farm. His wheat, rye and buckwheat he took to the grist mill to have ground into flour. His corn was ground some coarse for a mush, then called samp; some was ground fine for rye and corn bread to be made with molasses, milk and yeast, then raised and baked in the old house oven. Grandmother would have the oven bricks all hot at bed time, put in the bread, then shot up the door, in the morning her bread was all done and warm for breakfast. In them days, we lived very plain, yet I never see anything taste better than that corn bread and my bean porridge did. That I eat out of my little pewter porridger. The porridger was a little dish made for small children to eat out of, but no bread of today baked in our modern stove ovens ever tasted half as good to me as that old rye and corn bread did baked in that old house brick oven years ago, that was on one side of that old fire place. In that old fireplace was two andirons to lay huge logs on for the fire. On one side of that old fire place was a long iron crane, it was called, to swing out over the fire to hang a large dinner kettle on to cook the family dinner in, while in front of the fire-place on the floor was a large stone hearth where I lay many a night to get my lessons by the light of a pine [k]not stuck in that old fireplace. It was far different than the electric lights of today, yet it was better than the tallow dips of that time. A tallow dip was an old time tallow candle in an iron candle stick on a stand in the far end of Grandmother's kitchen. The light from the candle used to flicker, so it used to hurt my eyes. In one end of the kitchen, Grandfather slept on an old high four poster bed with curtains over the top and a valence all around the lower part of the bed. There Grandfa-

ther slept while Grandmother spun wool on her spinning wheel in the other end of the room, by the fire in the old fireplace. I don't think she ever went to bed until after midnight.

One thing happened then that I never forget although I was not quite four years old at the time. It was in the evening, Grandfather was on the bed that night and Grandmother spinning same as usual. I had been wearing a new pair of shoes that day. The shoes in them days was made of hard coarse leather, made to grease to keep out water for we had no rubber over shoes then. Well at that time, I had a wart on my ankle big as a large bean that my shoes had rubbed all day and hurt me so bad it made the tears come in my eyes. I made up my child-mind that wart had hurt me long enough, so that night as I sit by Grandfather's bedside, I said to him, "Grampa, won't you just sharpen your knife

and let me take it?" So he told me to bring him his whetstone. Well I got it in a hurry and took it to the bed for him. He sharpened the knife and handed it to me saying, "The devil now little gal, be careful and don't hurt yourself with it." I told him I would be very careful. Then I took the knife, and when he was not looking, I cut all a round that great wart, then I took hold of that wart, shut my teeth tight and pulled with all my strength just as hard as I could until I pulled it out. "There," I said, "you won't hurt me anymore." Just then, old Grandfather looked at me and see my foot covered with blood. My, but poor old Grampa was scarred and said, "The devil, little gal, what have you done?" I said, "I am not hurt Grampa, I only pulled out that ugly wart, so don't be afraid Grampa." He called Grandmother right away to do up my foot. She come and just looked at it, then went back to her wheel saying, "I shan't touch it now. She will have warts all over her foot and it will serve her just right too. She has no business to of meddled with it any how. It will serve her just right if she does." Then Grandfather

spoke up sharp to her. It was the only time I ever heard him give any one a cross word in the world. Then he said, "Now I tell you Clymena, you will do up that child's foot. I know you will and do it right now, too." Then she got a cloth and done up my foot.

I guess she seed that Grampa had got angry. Well, be that as it may, I never have had a wart since. That was the first operation I ever performed and I will say it was a good one, considering my age at that time.

Then Grandfather give me the same old knife that I used for the operation. I remember it was a very old one with a carved bone handle. Years after, Mother made me give it to my half-brother and

he lost it. How I did miss my knife. If I had anything given to me when a child, and then someone else wanted it, I was made to give it up to them. But I just had to cry over the

loss of that knife for that was a keepsake from poor old Grampa, the only one that loved me when I was a small child, for I was only six years old when he died. How I did miss him for as soon as I can remember, I was always around with him.

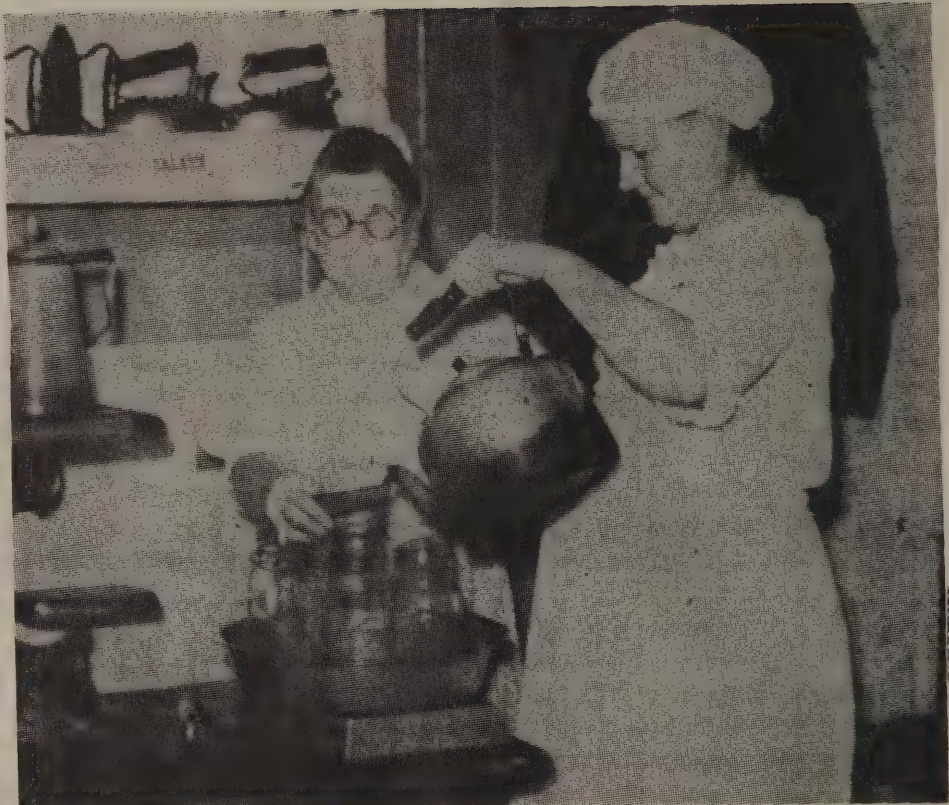
How well I remember the day the cow hooked Grampa's eye out. He had two big red cows with great long horns. That day, he took me by the hand and the milk pail when we got to the barn yard he went in to shut the gate and left me on the outside. No sooner had he got in, than one of the cows charged on him and run one of her horns in his eye, but he and I got him through the gate, so I could shut it then I led Grampa to the house. Poor old man, he never see out of that eye after that. Then Gramma milked the cows after then, and Grampa would drive them up from the pasture at milking time for her to milk. One night, poor old Grampa was very sick and Gramma told me I must go down the lane into the pasture and drive up the cows. I was not quite four years old then, so she told me I must not go through any fence, but as I was





driving the cows home, I see what I thought was the prettiest cat and a lot of spotted kittens, so I followed them until they went under the fence. Then I knew I must not go any farther, so I went on home with the cows and asked Gramma to go with me and get the pretty cat and kittens. Well she scolded me good and told me them was not kittens but skunks and if I had touched one of them, I would smelt so I could not come in the house. So I always remembered what a skunk was and I had got to stay out doors, if I touched one. Gramma had a cat but he was so ugly I could not play with him.

I remember one night Grampa had gone to bed on a high four poster bed in the kitchen. Gramma picked up her old cat to put him down cellar and he scratched and bit her hand until it was covered with blood. How mad she was. She told the cat, "Now I will trounce you and trounce you good." So she took the cat by the hind legs and thrashed him hard as she could around Grampa's bed post for awhile then threw him down cellar. I never remember seeing that cat again, but I always remembered the word trounce for it was not long after that, that I see Gramma putting a pan of something up on the top shelf in the pantry. I asked her what was in it and she told me. "Children should be seen, not heard. Get out of the way. Go out and pick up chips." So I kept thinking about that pan for a couple of days and wishing I knew what was in it. So one day, when Gramma was spinning, I got in the pantry and climbed up the shelves until I got hold of the edge of that big pan. It was a pan of milk she had put up for cheese. Down it came on top of my head bottom up. Well the thick cream made a blanket all over me, then I hollered, "Oh Grannie, I can't see out." Well, she came to my rescue anyhow that time, and told me she had a good will to trounce me and just as soon as I could see out, I asked her if she was going to trounce me just as she did the cat. She turned her head and smiled the only smile I ever see on her face, so I did not get trounced that time. If she had told me it was a pan of milk, I never would of touched it, but she was just that cranky. She never liked to have a little child ask a question until it was about work or lessons.



*The photos here and on the opposite page accompanied the Eagle story. Here Hannah Climena is on the left, Mary on the right.*

## EAGLE REPORT OF 1936

In *The Berkshire Evening Eagle* of August 21, 1936, there was a report on the life of Hannah Climena Pixley (Mrs. Ariail) and her daughter under the headline, "Provident Beartown Women Prepare for Long Winter." It was written about the time that Hannah Climena began to dictate her life story to her daughter, who copied it into a composition book. The article came to us through Mrs. Charlene Aberhalden of Lee and her daughter, Linda Lewis of Otis, descendants of Hannah Climena. The article read as follows:

Five months ago today an Eagle reporter paid a visit to Mrs. M. H. Ariail, 74, and her daughter, Mary, 51 who were at the time snowbound in their ancient home atop Beartown Mountain. He skied over three miles of snow to reach the pair but yesterday he was able to drive his automobile to their front door.

The unexpected visitor was as welcome as before. When he arrived Mrs. Ariail was working in her garden behind the old cow barn and the daughter was at the stove canning veg-

etables in preparation for the long winter. They stopped work and invited him in.

### In Good Health

They look better now than they did last February. Mrs. Ariail explained that the out of door work agrees with them. And speaking of health, Mrs. Ariail told about coming to Beartown 43 years ago.

She said when "I was 31 years old I built a home on the Lake Buel Road. I became ill one day and the doctor was called. After examining me thoroughly he told me I had tuberculosis and should move to Colorado immediately. He said the climate was better there but also said I wouldn't live more than six months. And so I says to him if I'm going to die soon I want to be near my children. He was a bit disgusted with me I guess but anyway I moved up here to Beartown 43 years ago and here I am just as healthy as anyone on this earth."

The Ariails were snowbound and mudbound from November until June. Their provisions lasted just long enough. In January Mrs. Ariail fell downstairs and injured her head. The next day a log fell on her daughter's foot. They treated their injuries as best they could and



it wasn't until June that they were given treatment by a doctor. Dr. George S. Wickman of Lee examined the two on their first trip into Lee this summer. He found Mary had dislocated a bone in her foot at the time the log fell on it. Mrs. Ariail's injury had healed.

### Spaded Own Garden

Because a team of horses couldn't get through the muddy road to the Ariail home in May, Mrs. Ariail and daughter had to spade their own garden this year. "That's the reason the garden is planted every which way," said Mrs. Ariail. The ground is pretty hard in places and the seeds were planted wherever the spading was good. Many kinds of vegetables are being grown by them including carrots, cauliflower, peas, beans, corn, onions, potatoes, tomatoes, lettuce and others. They also grow citron.

The two women said they are kept busy canning from the time the dandelions start until the frost. Besides growing vegetables they grow many flowers. They work in the gardens all day and do the housework and canning in the early evening. Asked what they did with all the beautiful flowers, Mrs. Ariail said: "We like to make people happy. In the summer I send bunches of flowers to shut-ins and many times I arrange flowers for friends who have passed on. That's what flowers are for and that's why our flowers grow so well."

Mrs. Ariail composes poems while she works. While picking a bunch of flowers for the reporter to take back home she recited the following:—

### Two Poems

I care not for wealth, fame or show  
And to the garden I take my hoe,  
Compose my poems as I follow my row.  
For the work that I do keeps me happy all day  
As I listen to the birds as they sing away,  
For well I know they're singing songs of cheer  
They seem so happy to live up here.

Another one of her compositions follows:—

Some are fond of travel  
They always like to roam.  
But give to me the woodland beauty  
That surrounds my mountain home.



### AN HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

We sent the Pixley autobiography to our friend Lisa Simpson, formerly Director of The Bidwell House. Lisa has a passion for history and good knowledge of the past. She wrote back:

Many of your readers may be led to believe that the childhood Hannah Climenta described was the norm. From a number of things that she wrote, it is apparent that her family was very poor, which led them to rely on a way of living that most people in Monterey had given up due to technological advances.

For instance, it is unusual that in the 1860s, when she was living with her grandparents, the grandmother was still spinning and weaving. This is very late for these activities, which declined during the period 1810–1820. It was just too easy and cheap to buy cloth made in factories. This indicates not only that her

grandparents were poor, but also that Monterey was rural and isolated, although I'm sure that most people here did not spin or weave.

It is also remarkable that her grandparents were then still cooking on the hearth and in a brick bake oven. Again, it's late for this practice, and another indicator of their poverty. Most people could afford and used cast iron cookstoves during this period.

As for her grandfather sleeping downstairs in what sounded like the all-purpose kitchen, I believe this was a common practice. Why go upstairs when it was cold? We might think downstairs bedrooms inappropriate, but we can more easily heat the upstairs rooms. As I recall, six beds were listed in Reverend Adonijah Bidwell's inventory. Since the Manse has only two bedrooms and a garret upstairs, the assumption is reasonable that there were beds downstairs as well.

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## DEL JENSSEN REMEMBERED

My father recalled that as a child in Brooklyn during the Depression he and his friends built go-carts and stagecoaches from scavenged grocery crates. Maybe this is where the seed of his carpentry skills took root, one can't say for certain. He always exhibited this creativity and resourcefulness, and passed it on to us.

Dad learned mechanical drafting at Brooklyn College. On weekends my father and his siblings Ellen, Carsten, and Bron would likely gather in the cellar to talk politics and listen to fast-paced roaring twenties music. When Ellen moved to Florida my father became caretaker of her record collection, and she never got them back; they became the beginning of my father's life-long passion for collecting and listening to jazz.

In 1945 Dad and his brother Carsten moved to South Egremont and formed Jenssen Brothers Construction Company. They also bought a mechanic's garage on Molasses Hill and transformed it into the Olde Egremont Club, which immediately became a favorite watering hole for locals and tourists alike. Here he met Dorothy Jordan, then employed at Jug End Resort. They were married in 1953.

In December of 1954, they bought the Bill Bruning home on Route 23 east of the town center, and moved there with me, Dale, their first child. During the

early years in Monterey he put in time for Stanley Pappo at Avalon school doing carpentry, plumbing, wiring, masonry—he could do it all.

Dara was born in 1956, and Scott in 1959, when my parents embarked on building an addition to more than double the size of the house. I'll never forget the huge hole in the ground and the concrete trucks coming down the lawn—mind-boggling to a five-year-old! Sunday afternoons we would sit on the deck of our living-room-to-be wrapped in our snowsuits eating ice cream cups from the



General Store, Dad's treat to us and his favorite, too.

My father and uncle continued to run the club and both my parents worked there on weekends. My father had some hand-me-down skis in the basement, big old clunky things with bear-trap bindings. From a young age we tromped all over the property every chance we had. Dad had us skating and kick-turning before many knew what that was. I would

drag him out of bed and we would ski through the woods to Lake Garfield, then herringbone the whole way back! Once Dad made us an igloo. Dara and I will always remember it; I can still see the inside of it in my mind's eye.

Many a night we went to sleep with the sound of the tablesaw running. Dad was always doing something, and never threw anything away. I suppose the Depression trained him in this, and although it made my Mom crazy sometimes, we were thrilled. We had raw materials for our projects. As a young teenager I once brought him a pair of beloved but sole-worn moccasins. He produced an old briefcase that had come unstitched, and my mocs were reborn—hoorah!

Jill was born in May of 1964. Soon afterward, the addition was finished enough for us to use. Dad designed and built all of it (with much help from Mom, of course). It featured a living room twenty feet on a side with cathedral ceiling and four seven-foot skylights, a big master bathroom with a six-foot

sunken bathtub, and two oak-tread winding staircases. We each had our own bedrooms, quite the luxury.

Sunday mornings became a ritual. We would have a big breakfast, then sprawl on the living room floor with *The New York Times*. Dad would play records all day long, mostly Dixieland jazz and musicals. We all loved it.

When Dad taught shop he showed me what to look for on student drafting

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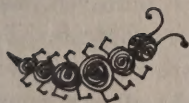


assignments, and I helped him grade their work—if they only knew.

Things do change, and my parents parted ways in 1975. Dad purchased a home on Route 23, and into the '80s kept up with the carpentry work. He spent much of his time reading, with five or ten books going at a time. Much of it was jazz related, and he became quite the historian. I'm still amazed at the breadth of his knowledge: there was hardly a jazz or blues musician that he didn't have some wonderful anecdote about. Several times a year he would attend conventions of the International Association of Jazz Record Collectors, of which he was a faithful member.

He was generous with us, always willing to help out no matter what his situation, and for this we are grateful. Like us all, he had his faults, but his sense of humor, talent, generosity, resourcefulness, and integrity we will always appreciate and miss intensely.

— Dale Jenssen



P. O. BOX NINE, 01245

## Thanks

To the Editor:

Words cannot express my gratitude to the Monterey rescue squad, whose members saved my life on November 3, 1995, when I suffered an acute cardiac incident.

The response to the 911 call was immediate, and the care and consideration given by the many people who appeared was fantastic. Unfortunately, I do not know the names of most of the volunteers, but I must mention Michael Marcus, who worked hard to keep me alive until the ambulance arrived.

Once again, many, many thanks. Without you, I couldn't write this letter.

— Roland Barnett

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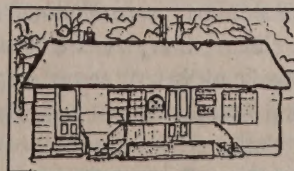
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-- Matthew Breuer, a Roadside regular

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## PERSONAL NOTES

Our congratulations to **Kathleen Kraft** and **Mark Dewing**, who were married on November 19. The lovely ceremony took place at Searles Castle and was followed by a great celebration at The Red Lion Inn in Stockbridge. Contributing to the festivities was the beautiful and delicious wedding cake baked by Maynard at the Monterey General Store! The couple is now living in Brooklyn Heights. Kathleen, the daughter of Melvin and Katherine Kraft of Beartown Road, teaches at the Packer Collegiate School. Mark, who hails from Sussex, England, is employed at Routledge, an English publishing firm.

Best wishes to **Dale and Lori Lyman**, whose first daughter, **Michailia**, was born November 27. Michailia joins two "very helpful" older brothers at home in Pittsfield, five-year-old Zachary and two-year-old Alexander. And congratulations, of course, to proud grandmother Edith Lyman of Main Road.

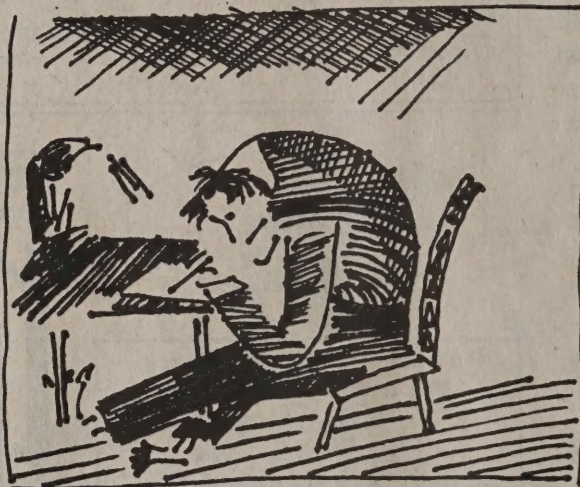
And congratulations to **Jim and Carol Edelman**, whose son, **Jacob Vincent**, was born on December 7 in Pittsfield. Jacob weighed in at eight pounds, five ounces, and was twenty-two inches long. He joins proud big sister Annabelle at their Hupi Road home.

Several Mt. Everett music students recently auditioned for positions in the Western District band, orchestra, and chorus. Two Monterey students were accepted into the Senior Division group: **Shaylan Burkhart** into the Concert Band and **Christine Morrow** into the Chorus. Hats off to both of you!

Kudos to these Monterey students named to the honor roll lists for the first marking period: At Mt. Everett in Sheffield, in grade nine, **Cedric Mason** achieved High Honors; in grade ten, **Jeremy Vallianos** made Honors; and in grade eleven, **Shaylan Burkhart** and **William Conklin** both earned High Honors, and **Joseph Kopetchny**, **Kathryn Kopetchny** and **Christine Morrow** made Honors. Also, **Katie Vallianos** achieved High Honors in grade seven. At Monu-

ment Mountain in Great Barrington, in grade nine, **Arianna Aerie** made High Honors; in grade ten **Bethany Sadlowski** achieved High Honors; **Mike Mielke** earned Honors in grade eleven. A great start! Keep up the good work, all of you!

Very happy birthday wishes this month go to **Don Welsch** on January 3, **Joshua Gardner** on January 4, **Spencer O'Connell Pope** on January 9, **Cindy**



**Hebert** on January 10, **Jim Deloy** on January 11, **Julian Mendel** and **Nadine Stoner** on January 13, **Bridget Mendel** on January 15, **Laura Dinan** on January 22, **Ed Dunlop** on January 25, **Shelly Bynack** on January 26, and to **Andrew Gardner** on January 27.

And happy anniversary to **Karl and Shirley Quisenberry** on January 1, to **Don and Carol Welsch** on January 5, to **Rick and Debbie Mielke** on January 9, and to **Rod and Jeri Palmer** on January 23.

Happy 1996, everyone! Joy! Peace!

Please send news items, birthday wishes, etc., to me, just Route 23, Monterey, MA, or give me a call at 528-4519. Contributions are appreciated!

— Stephanie Grotz

## BJORN JENSSEN

**Bjorn (Del) Jossen**, 77, a forty-year resident of Monterey, died on Saturday, November 18, at his home in the company of his family.

He was born in Brooklyn, New York, on June 15, 1918, the son of **Oscar Bertinius Jossen** and **Olga Carstensen Jossen** of Norway. He graduated from Brooklyn Technical High School, and attended Brooklyn College.

During World War II he headed up the foundry for Bethlehem Steel at Mariners' Harbor, Staten Island, New York. His work there earned the foundry an "E" for excellence from the War Production Board.

After moving to the Berkshires in 1945, Mr. Jossen founded **Jossen Brothers Construction Company** and shared ownership of the **Olde Egremont Club** with his brother **Carsten Jossen**. He

was employed by **Frederickson** of Holyoke as a draftsman, and was an industrial arts teacher at both **Searles** and **Lenox** high schools. He was a talented carpenter and craftsman who designed and built many area homes, and was a member of the **United Brotherhood of Carpenters, Local 444**.

Mr. Jossen was a jazz historian who was a member of the **Duke Ellington Society** and the **International Society of Record Collectors**. He was also a commentator for **Scott Jossen's** weekly jazz show "Downeast Dixie" over **WERU**, a public radio station in Blue Hill, Maine.

Mr. Jossen was a civil libertarian and member of the **Democratic Party**. He generously supported the **NAACP**, the **Southern Poverty Law Center**, and the **American Civil Liberties Union**.

He leaves a sister, **Ellen Jossen** of Great Barrington; brothers **Carsten Jossen** of South Egremont, and **Bron Jossen** of Albany; a son, **Scott Jossen** of Monterey; daughters **Dale Jossen** of Taos, New Mexico, **Dara Jossen** of South Egremont, **Jill Jossen** of Craryville, New York; and three grandchildren, **Jules**, **Olivia**, and **Nadine Jossen**.

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We're grateful for funds lately received from

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Melvin Katsch  
— "Enjoy Joan R. letters!"  
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Margaret Pasche



## CALENDAR

**Sundays, January 7, 14, 21, and 28** AA meetings, 9 a.m. in the Monterey Firehouse, Main Road.

**Saturdays, January 6 through February 10** Soccer clinic for boys and girls in grades 1-8, 9:30-11 a.m. at Berkshire School in Sheffield. Fee \$30, \$25 for SBYA members. Information, 528-6080.

**Mondays, January 8, 15, 22, and 29** Skating lessons at the rink behind the

firehouse, 6:30 p.m., conditions permitting. Information, 528-0542.  
Rehearsals for Berkshire Lyric Theater's performance of Dvorák's Stabat Ma-



ter, Unitarian Universalist Church, 175 Wendell Avenue, Pittsfield, 7-9:30 p.m. Information, 243-2658.

**Tuesday, January 16** Free blood pressure clinic, 9-10:30 a.m. in the base-

ment room of the Monterey Grange (town offices), Main Road.

**Wednesday, January 17** Meeting of the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste District, 7 p.m. in the church basement.

**Saturday, January 20** *His Girl Friday* (1940), with Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell, 7:30 p.m. in the Monterey Library basement, admission free, refreshments at cost. Information, 528-3795.

**Sunday, January 21** Mt. Everett High School Band, 7 p.m., Consolati Performing Arts Center: Countdown, Madrigal Singers, Jazz Band.

**Saturday, January 27** Seventh Annual Monterey Cup Hockey Tournament, from 9:30 a.m. at the rink behind the firehouse. Information, 528-0542.  
*Brightly of the Grand Canyon* (1967), with Joseph Cotton, 7:30 p.m. in the Monterey Library basement, admission free, refreshments at cost. Information, 528-3795.

P. MURKETT

Square and contradance at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, 8:30-11:30 p.m. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by Joe Baker. All dances taught, beginners and children welcome. Refreshments. Adults \$5, children \$2. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

**Saturday, February 3** *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pitman* (1974), with Cicely Tyson, 7:30 p.m. in the Monterey Library basement, admission free, refreshments at cost. Information, 528-3795.

**Saturday, February 10** *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* (1967), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Sidney Poitier, 7:30 p.m. in the Monterey Library basement, admission free, refreshments at cost. Information, 528-3795.

**Saturday, February 17** Monterey Winter Celebration of Ice and Snow, noon-5 p.m. at the skating rink. Rink dedication, skating events, food. Information, 528-1804 or 528-9380.

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We invite readers to submit letters, news items, opinions, stories, poetry, drawings, and photographs. Please send submissions by the fifteenth of the month before publication, addressed to the attention of the Editor.

Send any change of address, or initial request to receive the *News* by mail to Susan LePrevost, Business Manager.

Address your request for advertising rates and information to the Editor. For further information, telephone the Editor at 413-528-3454 evenings, or 528-9937 days.

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Contributions from local artists this month: Sudi Baker, p 16; Maureen Banner, pp. 1, 7, 13, 15, 21; Christopher Carnese, p. 14; Erika Crofut, pp. 4, 10, 24, 25, 26; Bonner McAllester, p. 17; Pete Murkett, pp. 2, 27.

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